

God Indeed Answers Prayer

It was December of 1980. I was a freshman at Washington Bible College in Lanham, Maryland (just outside Washington, D.C.). The President of our school, George Miles, had prayed in earnest during our Chapel time each morning for God to give him the proper name of a Gospel tract he was producing for the upcoming inauguration. Several of us would take these tracts downtown throughout mid-January 1981. Thus, the LORD answered President Miles' prayer and the tract would be titled "Inaugural Souvenir."

The Smithsonian Institute was where the Inaugural Ceremony was held. If you have ever visited this place, it is where the giant pendulum swings from the third story, knocking over pins in a circle on the ground floor. They had erected a platform on the second floor, stilled the pendulum, and split the circle in two. Groups of Republican supporters would fill one side, while the other side was ushered out, and a new group entered.

My best friend, Eric Stuyck, and I had been handing out gospel tracts and witnessing as opportunity allowed. We each had on ties, maybe a suit jacket – I can't recall. It was early evening as we approached the Smithsonian. There was an outer perimeter of security, with soldiers bearing M-16s on each side of the entrance. I told Eric, "Watch this...." And I proceeded to gesture beyond the secured perimeter to no one in particular as though I was good chums – "John...Great to see you." As I said this, I crossed the boundary and headed toward "John." With that being successful, Eric employed the same technique, only he used my name and I was glad to acknowledge him.

We got all the way to the entrance, and I remember thinking, "We've come all this way, what is next?" Just then, one of the military guards addressed us as he waved his M-16: "Right this way, Gentlemen." I couldn't believe it; we had gotten inside. Strangely enough, this was the last group of the evening for President-elect Reagan and Vice-President-elect Bush. This group was reserved for their most intimate supporters. Their ties loosened, and they were both relaxed. No sooner had we entered when Vice President elect George Bush announced: "I want to make sure everyone receives one of our "Inaugural Souvenirs"-those were his exact words. I looked down at the tracts bearing that title. I looked at Eric. Our hands went up in the air, and the clamor for those tracts was on. I would guess we distributed 200 tracts that night. {The souvenir he was actually referring to was a commemorative coin bearing each of their images.}

I wouldn't mind seeing some video footage of that night. As I said, these were all the Reagan's & Bush's closest buddies – we were milling around by the front, as Nancy Reagan looked directly at Eric and me, frowned, tugged on her husband's jacket and whispered: "Who are those two?"

I am positively certain, that God used at least one of those tracts to lead someone to HIM that evening. I guess I'll just have to wait till I get to Heaven to find out the full extent of that answer to prayer.

In HIM,

Ted Whitford